



## ENGLAND'S GRADUATE HEROINE.

Miss Ada Maria Jane Elizabeth Johnson and What She Accomplished.

A nut brown maid, with cheeks as red as roses and a mass of dark hair almost too heavy for the shapely head—that is Miss Ada Maria Jane Elizabeth Johnson, the heroine of the day, the young lady who stands alone in the first division of the first class in the second part of the Cambridge mathematical tripos. Truly she is a "sweet girl graduate" (without the degree), this youthful mathematician who has "beaten all the men," as she sits high up in her little room in Old hall reading her letters and still aglow from an exciting game of her favorite pastime, tennis. From the tree tops, deep below in the lovely grounds of Newnham, comes the warble of a blackbird. The air is sweet with the scent of many roses on the small table in the center of the room at which Miss Johnson sits, fingering her congratulatory letters and telegrams. A bow of magnificent oriental poppies blooms in the corner, a striking contrast to their airy, fairy cousins—a vase full of Iceland poppies, dainty and delicate, of deep orange and pale lemon tints and of silvery white. Perhaps all these decorations are tributes, too, to the successful girl student, as are the letters and the telegrams.

She bears the burden of her splendid success cheerfully, and as she sits there blushing, and blushing again, there is absolutely nothing about Miss Johnson that suggests the grave and ponderous and formidable scholar, a vision of whom may appear to the inward eye of the "outsider," reading about the studious Newnham girl who has "beaten all the men" and demonstrated once again the fact, which needs a good deal of demonstrating in certain quarters, that a woman, too, may "stand and work" as well as a man and yet remain untroubled by the particular taint of the "shrinking sisterhood."

She is eager enough to talk about her hall, her college and about the generous way in which her fellow students have shared with her the joy of her success. Indeed they had a dance on the Tuesday evening in honor of the girl who "beat all the men." But when it comes to talking about herself then Miss Johnson has only smilingly, and with the prettiest, because unconscious, bashfulness, to confess that "there is nothing at all to say."

But there is, after all, and what there is to say is well worth knowing were it only for the sake of encouraging other struggling girls who have no special educational advantages to go on undaunted, for this fair wrangler has had none of the "special advantages" by means of which ambitious parents have sometimes succeeded in bringing about a certain amount of success to their sons and daughters. There has been no cramming, no private coaching, "no nothing," except a good, sound elementary education. There are no board schools at Cambridge, but their equivalents, the so-called higher grade schools, are there, and at one of these in Park street, Cambridge, Miss Johnson laid the foundation of her present success. Even as a child she was fond of mathematics, and after she left school she continued her favorite study, mostly alone, but not without some desultory teaching. For the last two years she has been at Newnham, and last year she took the first part of the mathematical tripos, standing in rank between the fifth and sixth wranglers.

Thus mathematics have never had any terror for Miss Johnson—in fact, she has handled her "problems" with much the same ease as that with which, as a member of the Newnham Tennis club, she handles her racket. But this year a slight doubt disturbed her serenity with regard to the result of the examinations, for when the great day arrived it happened that Miss Johnson, though there is absolutely nothing of the pale and haggard student about her, was not in her usual good health, but "run down," and therefore not quite at her best.

Hence she awaited the "list" with nothing but the most modest expectations. And then on the Tuesday it came out, to the joy of all Newnham, and in the evening the girls danced—the fair mathematician and all the rest—danced for joy that one of them, and one of the most gifted ones to boot, had fought so successfully. Now playtime has come. Today all the big boxes and trunks that lined the long corridors of the halls yesterday afternoon have gone off in all directions. Newnham is holidaying, and Miss Johnson, among the rest, is thinking of pleasures only, for the present. Tennis and walking are the forms of play in which she delights, and now she has actually come to think of cycling. Such is the latter day lady wrangler, revelling in games, young, spirited, glowing with strong health, and not afraid of problems, be they connected with Euclid or with what the French call cyclisme.—Westminster Budget.

**Arbitration Not Necessary!**  
The question settled about curing that cough or cold with "Snow's Pine Expecto-rant." Absolute guarantee with each bottle. Price 25 and 50c. For sale by all druggists.

We put on new neckbands on shirts. Peerless Steam Laundry, 112 and 114 West Eighth street.

She Tells Ghost Stories.  
Telling ghost stories for a living is what one young English woman is doing.

Her family met with reverses—it is the usual story. What could she do to earn an honest penny?

"I cannot teach, I cannot paint, I cannot write, nor will I dig or beg or steal. What can I do—what shall I do?" was the question she put to a friend whose sympathy she did not doubt, although she did her ability to give her any practical reply.

After a moment or two of hard thinking the friend said:

"There is one thing at least that you can do and do well—you can tell ghost stories."

Acting upon this suggestion, she soon after joined the ranks of young women who support themselves and become a ghost story teller, and a great success she has made of the profession, if such it can be called.

An American lady who formed one of a house party at an English country place last winter speaks enthusiastically of the success of the undertaking and says that a very pleasant two hours were those which the party spent in listening to the thrilling and bloodcurdling stories told by the young girl, who was bright, pretty and well dressed. She was treated as a guest and supposed by the greater number of the party to be one and to have very obligingly consented to tell tales for the amusement of her companions. The check which she received from the hostess was for a goodly amount—about what a singer or musician would receive.

A Colored Woman Lawyer.

Miss Ida Platt of Chicago, a colored woman, has just been admitted to the bar in Illinois. A quarter of a century is not long in the life of a nation, but it is long enough to have seen effaced the most stubborn of all sorts of class legislation. In 1869 a colored man applied for admittance to the bar of Illinois. He was not asked as to his color. It was assumed that he was a Spaniard, and the precedent was not revoked. The sex line had a more stubborn contest. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, the wife of Judge Bradwell, was the first woman to apply for admittance. It was refused, and she became the editor of the most prominent legal journal in the state. It was only a few years ago, after repeated efforts, that the Illinois legislature removed the legal disabilities of women. When one of the judges of the supreme court signed the license of Miss Platt to practice law, he said that for the first time the Illinois bar recognizes neither race, sex nor color.

Miss Platt is about 30 years of age, is a woman of marked ability, an excellent shorthand law reporter, proficient in music, French and German, and graduated from the law college with honors. A student's standing must be as high as 85 to graduate, but Miss Platt's marking was 96, being 11 above the required number. She has a very pleasing appearance and agreeable manners and enters on her professional career under most favorable circumstances.

To Establish Colonies.  
Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, the African explorer, has sailed for London en route for Africa. Her purpose is to establish colonies in the country on the Tuba river, about 600 miles north of Zanzibar. The population of this region is about 40,000, who are said to be industrious, and most of them are runaway slaves who have received their manumission from the British East Africa company.

There may be some doubt as to whether Mrs. Strauss' rose growing farm, on the old Bladensburg road, in Washington's suburbs, is the largest in the world, as is said, but there is no doubt that it is the delightful business establishment of a successful business woman.

Dr. Julia H. Smith, a well known physician of Chicago, formerly Miss Julia Holmes of New Orleans, has been nominated by the Democratic party as a member of the state university board, an office that has never hitherto been held by a woman.

Low shoes are causing a dire enlargement of the ankles, and after a girl has worn Oxfords all summer she will find that her slender ankles are no longer as slender as in the spring, but a good quarter of an inch larger.

A new feature in skirts is to plait them in at the waist with box plaits on either side and two plaits in the back, so they stand out in real antique manner. It is foretold that this style will become general.

Sydney university, New South Wales, has shown its progressive spirit by making exactly the same provision for women as students as it has made for men.

The League of Republican Clubs in Denver has advised its members to "study up on woman suffrage." Verily the day of enlightenment dawns!—Union Signal.

For Over Fifty Years  
Mrs. Winslow's Scoothing Syrup has been used for teething. It soothes, softens the gums, allays pain, cures colic. Best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

The figure on the right shows a tartan plaid frock, accented plaited, with belt and sleeves of blue silk, and a lace guimpe. At the extreme left is a white serge gown trimmed with lace and insertion. The left center gown is of dark blue serge with white heron's braid. The guimpe of serge with very wide white braid nearly covering it. The sash is of white braid. The right center figure is a skirt suit for a small boy, of light and dark blue serge, with knickerbockers of the light.

## A NEW FEATURE.

Which the Newspaper Man Frankly Said He Objected To.

"I trust you are pleased with my bathing facilities," said the proprietor of a bathing establishment, who was angling for a free puff, to the newspaper man.

"I regret to say," said the newspaper man, "that there are some features about your establishment to which I cannot give the unqualified sanction of my approval."

"I am surprised," said the bathing proprietor, "to tell me some of these features, and I will have them remedied at once."

"Well, the rats came in and nibbled at my toes while I was disrobing, which was not entirely agreeable," said the proprietor.

"I hope there was nothing else to annoy you."

"Oh, nothing in particular. Only a man in the next compartment reached over and took my gold watch and chain. I am a very sensitive man, and a little annoyance like this is apt to work me up."

"Well, I am sure I regret this very much," said the proprietor. "I hope there was nothing else to which you could take the slightest exception."

"Well, no," said the newspaper man. "I suppose there is nothing else worth mentioning. Only while I was in bathing some one stole my clothes. But as I took the suit in the next compartment, which belonged to a much larger man than I am, and hence contained a yard or two more of cloth than my own suit, I will not complain."

"I am sorry," said the proprietor, "but I—"

"Of course," broke in the newspaper man, "your towels were somewhat wetter than the water, but then one expects the ocean to be rather dry at this season of the year. Then your sea serpent, which you keep about the premises, I thought was inclined to be a little too playful and familiar with me, as I had never met him before in the world. It is rather awkward, too, to have a ship run into you while you are trying to tread water, and in a certain sense it interferes with one's sport, and besides it seems to me that three sharks are a trifle too many for one bathing establishment."

"Then I fear," said the proprietor, "you will not be able to speak a good word for my establishment in your very readable and enterprising paper?"

"Oh, yes," said the newspaper man. "I shall be pleased to state in my readable and enterprising paper that you have a very large ocean connected with your establishment—in fact, one of the largest oceans that can be found in this country."—New York World.

## A Train Incident.

"I knowed a man," remarked the stranger in the end of the seat to the drummer over by the window, "that left his farm and started out west to grow up with the country and git rich."

"Did he have any money?" inquired the drummer.

"He had upward of \$2,000 in cash."

"Well, he ought to be rich by this time."

"Don't know about that. Anyways before he had gone 200 miles he met some three card monte men, and the first thing he knowed they had all his money, and he didn't have nothing much but experience and the clothes on his back."

"That must have been a long time ago."

"About three days."

"Great Scott, man," exclaimed the drummer, "you don't mean to tell me that in this enlightened age there is a big enough fool to get stuck that way?"

"I've heard there was a few left," admitted the stranger.

"Well, by George, I'd give a dollar, straight, to see one, just for the curiosity of the thing."

The stranger took his feet in out of the aisle and faced the drummer.

"Gimme the dollar," he said sheepishly, "and take a look at me. I'm on my way back home now, and that dollar'll seem bigger'n a cart wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Good Appetite.

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

Step in at Stansfield's and get a glass of Soda Water.

## Another Crank.

Mr. Farwest—There was a fellow at the Lord of trade last night with the durned ideas anybody ever heard of.

Wife—What was the meeting about?

"To devise ways and means to boom the town."

"Well, what did the stranger propose?"

"The foolishhest thing! You'd never guess. He got up and said, says he, 'The best way to boom a town, says he, 'is to make it fit to live in.'"

Weekly.

## He Was Right.

Proprietor—So you want a vacation, do you? Why, I haven't had one for 20 years.

Clerk—You've been going away for a month or two every summer since I came here.

Proprietor—I know that very well, but I had my wife and six children with me, didn't I?—South Boston News.

## Will Some One Answer?

Little Dot—Is it hotter in the country than in the city?

Little Dick—Course not.

Little Dot—Then why do mens wear thick clothes and silk hats in the city, and then, when they go to the country, put on thin clothes and straw hats?—Good News.

## War in the Future.

General (when bullet proof uniforms become common)—What have you learned?

Aid—Victory will soon perch upon our banners. We have filled the enemy's clothes so full of lead that they can't move another step without undressing.—New York Weekly.

## The Only Way.

Temperance Lecturer (wildly)—Is there no way by which we can close the side doors of the saloons on Sunday?

Scuffer—Yes; open them in the front.—New York Herald.

## Too Swell.

A peddler did start out one morning his stock of old sponges to sell.

But the rain began falling in torrents, and oh, how those sponges did swell!—Life.

## The Reverse.

Dinks—Was Growler's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?

Danks—No, but Growler was.—Tit-Bits.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnaman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Are You Troubled With Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Beggs' Little Giant Pills? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 115 West Eighth street.

Come out and see those cold storage rooms at the Moerer ice mfg plant.

WESTERN  
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1875.

FORMERLY

Topeka Foundry and Machine Works,

ESTABLISHED 1868.

R. L. COFRAN, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY, SHAFTING, PULLEYS, GEARINGS, FITTINGS, ETC.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KAS.



MANUFACTURE ALL STYLES SHIRTS TO ORDER.

We have just received the FINEST LINE of

Summer Shirts

ever shown in Topeka

CALL AND SEE THEM.

IN CONNECTION WITH

TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY.

E. M. WOOLGER, Mgr.

625 JACKSON STREET.

## PIANOS AND ORGANS

813 KANSAS AVENUE.

If you wish to buy or rent a first class new or second-hand PIANO or ORGAN, upon the most FAVORABLE terms, call upon us.

We have secured the services of a first class PIANO POLISHER and REPAIRER and are prepared to repolish all kinds of musical instruments, furniture, etc.

REPAIRING SOLICITED.

CONRON BROS.

## WASHBURN COLLEGE.

Located at Topeka, Kansas. Admits both sexes. Expenses reasonable. Collegiate and Academic courses of study. Normal course. Six buildings. A library of over 6,000 volumes. Fine reading room. Departments of Art, Music, Education, Surveying, Natural Science, Ancient and Modern Languages. Thoroughness in all lines of instruction. Fall term opens September 12.

PETER McVICAR, President.

ARTHUR MASSEY,  
Practical Horse-Shoer

HIRAM HULSE,

FLORIST

Corner Elmwood and Willow Avenues,  
Potwin Place,  
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Grows and sells plants. Makes a specialty of cut flowers. Does all kinds of floral work in a first-class manner.

TELEPHONE 458

Smoke Klauer's Silk Edge

AND

WIDE &amp; NARROW

No. 835 KANSAS AVE. No. 835

Now is the time, and W. H. WOOD'S

Hardware Store is the place to buy your

POULTRY NETTING.

TOPEKA

TRANSFER

COMPANY,

509 Kas. Ave. Tele. 328

F. P. BACON, Prop.

FRENCH TISSUE PAPER

THE LARGEST LINE IN THE CITY.

ALL CHINA AND ART MATERIAL.

COMPLETE NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Washburn, Druggist,

325 KANSAS AVE.

NATIONAL STABLES.

First-class Livery. Horse-drawn specialties.

Telephone 45. J. C. GILCHRIST,

705 Jackson Street. Topeka.

ICE CREAM

As you like it.

J. K. Jones, Druggist,

501 KANSAS AVE.

ARCHITECT.

JOSEPH MARSHALL,

Architect and Superintendent,

1004 KANSAS AVENUE.